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scorn upon the base-born hirelings of Britain.

There are two very curious facts connected with "British Neutrality." In the first place it is written by an Englishman. In the second place it is an adaptation of the last London success, the T. P. Cooke prize play "True to the Core." Cooke, as is well known, was the father of the nautical drama and first brought this particular branch of dramatic literature prominently before the public. On his death, among other bequests, he left a fund to be devoted to the payment of a prize for the best nautical drama. This prize was won by "True to the Core." The scene was laid during the period of the Spanish Armada and the notoriously ruffianly British sailor was magnified into a hero. Imagine, then, the feelings of the bones of T. P. Cooke when they learn that this play, intended to represent the glory of Great Britain, has been converted into a play representing her perfidy and general treachery.

Is there not, after all, a retributive justice in this?

Or can it be possible that a minion of a despotic and tyrannical government has adopted this means to poke fun at the great American people?

More moths around the French Theatre candle! Mr. W. H. Pope, an obscure member of Wallack's company, received a complimentary benefit at the French Theatre on Tuesday evening, when he played Master Walter, in the "Hunchback," supported by Miss E. V. Proudfoot and the members of the Pet Philo Dramatic Association. Being a benefit performance, the voice of criticism is of course hushed. One can but say that the Julia was clever, the Master Walter amusing, and the Sir Thomas Clifford intensely funny.

This is the last week of Miss Lucille Western at the Broadway, also of the Worrell Sisters at the New York.

These ladies are to be supplanted in the first instance by Miss Julia Deane, and in the second by Zoe, who is advertised as a Cuban Sylph. Such a *lusus naturae* will be quite an exciting spectacle in these dog days.

I had hoped to have given a notice of John Brougham's and Morford's "Bells of Shandon," produced at Wallack's on Wednesday evening, this week, but the anniversary of American Independence, the early date of going to press, and the fact of my being out of town, have prevented the consummation of that laudable desire. One thing is very certain, however; anything that John Brougham puts his hand to, must, as a natural consequence, be good. Next week we shall see.

SHUGGE.

What is the difference between an organist and a cold in the head? One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.

ART MATTERS.

The American Society of Painters in Water Colors will hold its first annual exhibition at the Academy of Design early in the coming winter. Founded in the early part of the present year, the Society has, through the energetic endeavours of its officers, made rapid progress, and now numbers over forty members, many of whom are artists of great prominence. The truth is, the Society just met a want that has long been felt in this country by our painters; we have many water colorists amongst us who, up to the present time, have had but little chance to bring their works prominently before the public; this chance the Society gives them by their annual exhibitions. A room in the Academy is to be allotted to it, and the pictures contributed are to be hung by a committee of the Society, not of the Academy.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the energy and perseverance displayed in bringing the Society up to its present high standard of excellence. It was rather a hard fight in the beginning, (we have had so many water color societies ending in smoke,) but so soon as the painters saw the Society was to be a permanent institution, they flocked in with a will and did their best to promote its interests. The Secretary has informed me that the prospects for a fine exhibition are very promising, all the members of the Society, and many outsiders, will contribute specimens of their work, thus making a collection of water color pictures never before equalled in this country.

There is a fine collection of pictures now on exhibition at the Derby Gallery, 845 Broadway, prominent among which is a large picture by Hammer, entitled "The Home of the Bees," an unsightly, ungainly thing, the idea evidently taken from Dore's "Flowers" of the last French Exhibition. Should any one desire to see preraaphaelitism in all its native baldness, he has but to look at this picture of Hammer's. In the foreground three cast-iron bee-hives; in the background a mass of cast-iron holly-hocks; in the distance a cast-iron sky. All this painted in an offensively glaring key totally untrue to nature and remarkably unpleasant to the eye. A picture by Hays, in this collection, entitled "Prairie Dog Village," is quite unique in character and design, besides being painted with great truthfulness and fidelity to nature.

"Westward Ho!" by Otto Sommer, is the best work this gentleman has yet exhibited; there is a vast deal of character and expression about the figures, while the hazy effect of atmosphere is particularly happy, although, to a certain extent, somewhat forced.

Nehlig's "Huguenot Captive" just misses being a great picture by the carelessness of its drawing; the color is remarkably strong

and vigorous, while the expression of the faces is dramatic power itself. The whole picture is painted in the "slappy" French style which Mr. Nehlig has affected of late, and altogether is a really remarkable work.

There are other pictures by Kensett, Ach- enbach, Cropsey, Johnson, Forbes and others in this collection which I hope to notice at greater length at some future day. In the meantime, the exhibition will well repay a visit.

Here are a few news items:

Bierstadt has gone to Europe. It is to be hoped that while there he will learn to reform his style, and be taught that merit consists in quality rather than quantity.

Waterman is at Providence putting the finishing touches on his "Gulliver," which will probably be exhibited in this city during the coming Fall.

E. L. Henry goes to Newport.

T. A. Richards goes to Europe, ostensibly for pleasure, but in reality to gain an insight into the manner of conducting foreign schools of art, and to see if it is possible to incorporate some of the rules employed therein in the school of the National Academy. Mr. Richards does not go out at the expense of the Academy, as has been erroneously stated in some of the daily journals, with what motives the writers of the articles best know.

PALETTA.

WANT OF SYMPATHY.—I have heard of a lady who was an exquisite musician, and who, in the dusky twilight of a honeymoon evening, played to her husband,—played as some women play, pouring out all her soul upon the keys of the piano, breathing her finest and purest thoughts in some master-melodies of Beethoven or Mozart. "That's a very pretty tune," said her husband complacently. She was a proud, reserved woman, and she closed the piano without a word of complaint or disdain; but she lived to be old, and she never touched the keys again.—*Temple Bar*.

[All of which we profoundly disbelieve. Any woman (or man) who *could* play thus, *must* play. The anecdote is one we only quote for its silliness.—Ed.]

HINT TO CHANT BUILDERS.—"Who composed that little piece of absurdity, called 'a chant,' performed this morning to the Psalms?" said Mr. Bennet Langton to me. "I did," was the answer. "Then," said he, "you have forgotten what you were first taught at school, always to drop your voice at a period or at the end of the verse. I was tortured at the conclusion of every verse." This observation, added to Dr. Johnson's great but concise character of this learned man, perhaps ought to entitle him to be a kind of legislator for chants. In self-defence, I have only to say, that the chant was printed before I was aware of it, and that it was composed for the 135th Psalm under an absurd idea of "*never ending*."—Dr. BECKWITH.